NEW FICTION

-IN-

VARIED FORMS

LILIAN. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company.

NE of the rarest types of artist is the man who can adjust himself to any breadth of canvas; who can mold a colossus or carve a cameo. Mr. Bennett possesses this happy independence of dimensions. He passes at pleasure from the epic sweep of "An Old Wives' Tale" to the almost sonnet-like precision of form and substance displayed in "Lilian"—and leaves us wondering which of the two embodies the finer art.

The theme of this story, up to a certain point, is one of the oldest either in fact or fiction. Lilian Share is the type of girl "created for pleasure and affection and expensive flattery." She is the kind that wise mothers refuse to take as governesses or companions, being much too pretty to be thrown in the way of susceptible sons and brothers. And it was precisely because jealous Miss Grig scented the peril of this prettiness that she had yielded only under pressure to her brother's wish to employ the girl in their typewriting office, and determined to get rid of her on the

and determined to get rid of her on the first filmsy excuse that offered.

Miss Grig's anxiety would have quickened to panic if she could have heard her brother Felix taking to Lilian on the first night that we meet him—the night when Miss Grig's illness has forced Lilian to remain all night at this office, whose chief boast is that its doors never close Fellx Grig is sketched for us with a mini-mum of strokes, "a very slim man of medium height and of no age," a man who might by thirty-five, with premature gray hair, or fifty "with hair younger than the wrinkles round his gray eyes." Felix Grig is a man of independent fortune to whom a typewriting bureau is a mere sideshow, something to keep his domineering, en-ergetic sister occupied. It is evident that he would not come to share the night vigil at this office for the love of the work. And presently we hear Felix assuring Lilian that she has no business in a place

like this, that she has no business in a place like this, that she is simply wasting herself. "You type well, but that's only because you're clever all round. You'd milk cows just as well as you'd type. But your business is marriage and a good marriage! You'd make a success of marriage beause you're adaptable and quick at picking up. Most women when they're mar-ried forget that their job is to adapt themselves and to please. . . . They forget that there are two sides to a bar-gain. Now you wouldn't be like the majority of women. You'd keep your share of the bargain, and handsomely. If you don't marry, and marry fifty miles above you,

you'll be very silly."

That Felix Grig had not at this stage resolved to do anything rash is proved by the fact that he ended by reminding Lilian that he was an old man or he wouldn't be talking that way. And that the girl herself was not of the calculating sort is equally evident, since we are told that as she listened she "blushed tremendously." It is jealous, suspicious Miss Grig, whose energetic mind, working overtime through a protracted illness, so magnifies her brother's peril that immediately upon her re-turn to the office she takes advantage of a technicality, goads Lilian into what may be construed as an impertinence, and

grimly dismisses her without a reference. Of course, with Lilian safely out of the way—as Miss Grig in her ostrich-like blindness sees the situation—Felix prompt-ly discovers just how vital a matter her loss is, and forthwith goes in pursuit. Lilian is at the end of her resources; her small reserve fund has dwindled alarmingly. Moreover, she has learned that as a business woman she is a failure. But in business woman she is a failure. But in the much harder business of pleasing men she knows that Felix is right; it is an instinct with her. He makes no promise of marriage, and she herself does not raise the question. That a man of his type, his position and experience should be in love with a simple girl like herself

Have Some Fun, Enjoy the Social Season

Let Your Social Errors Cheer You On

Donald Ogden Stewart, author of that tremendous hit "A Parody Outline of History," has rung the bell again in his new book PERFECT BEHAVIOR. On all sices you are being assailed with advice about your social conduct. If you want to laugh at it all and enjoy the funniest book of the year, read what follows and buy PERFECT BEHAVIOR at once!

Introductions in High Society

Introductions in High Society

Donald Ogden Stewart, Culture Engineer, says in his famous handbook of Perfect Behavior: Introductions still play an important part in social intercourse, and many errors are often perpetrated by those ignorant of savoir faire (correct form). When introducing a young lady to a stranger for example, it is not au fait (correct form) to simply say, "Mr. Roe, I want you to shake hands with my friend Dorothy." Under the rules of the beau monde (correct form) this would probably be done has follows: "Dorothy (or Miss Doe), shake hands with Mr. Roe." Always give the name of the lady first, unless you are introducing some one to the President of the United States, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a member of the nobility above a baron, or a customer. The person who is being "introduced" then extends his (or her) right ungloved hand and says, "Shake." You "shake," saying at the same time "It's warm (cool) for November (May)," to which the other replies, "Til say it is."

Forgot the Names!

Forgot the Names!

This brings up the interesting question of introducing two people to each other, neither of whose names you can remember. This is generally done by saying very quickly to one of the parties. "Of course you know Miss Unkunk-unk." Say the last "unk" very quickly, so that it sounds like any name from Ab to Zinc. You might even sneeze violently. Of course, in nine cases out of ten, one of the two people will at once say, "I didn't get the name," at which you laugh, "Hai Hai!" in a carefree manner several times, saying at the same time, "Well, well—so you didn't get the name—well, well." If the man still persists in wishing to know who it is to whom he is being introduced, the best procedure consists in simply braining him on the spot with a club or convenient slab of paving stone.

Where you have no mutual friend the introduction can generally be arranged as follows:

Procure a few feet of stout manila rope or clothes - 1 in e, have hayf.

Procure a few feet of stout manila rope or clothes - 1 in e, frem any of the better - class hard ware stores. Ascertain (from the Social Register, preferably) the location of the young lady's residence, and go there on some dark evening about nine o'clock. Fasten the rope across the sidewalk in front of the residence about six inches or a foot from the ground. Then, with the aid of a match and some kerosene, set fire to the young lady's house in several places and retire behind a convenient tree. After some time, if she is at home, she will probably be forced to run out of her house to avoid being burned to death. In her excite-

ment she will fail to notice the rope which you have stretched across the sidewalk and will fail. This is your opportunity to obtain an introduction. Stepping up to her and touching your hat politely, you say, in a well-modulated voice, "I beg your pardon, Miss Doe, but I cannot help noticing that you are lying prone on the sidewalk." If she is well-bred, she will not at first speak to you, as you are 'a perfect stranger. This silence, however, should be your cue to once more tip your hat and remark, "I realize, Miss Doe, that I have not had the honor of an introduction, but you will admit that you are lying prone on the sidewalk. Here is my card—and here is one for Mrs. Doe, your mother." At that you should hand her two plain engraved calling cards, each containing your name and address. If there are any other ladies in her family—aunts, grandmothers, et. cetera—it is correct to leave cards for them also. Be sure that the cards are clean, as the name on the calling card is generally sufficient for identification purposes without the addition of the thumb-print.

When she has accepted your cards, she will give you one of hers, after which it will be perfectly correct for you to assist her to rise from the sidewalk. Do not, however, press your attentions further upon her at this time, but after expressing the proper regret over her misfortune it would be well to bow and retire.

Etiquette of the Social Call

Etiquetteof the Social Call

Many fatal blunders are made
by those who, ignorant of the
''n u a n c e s'
of "social intercourse," go
without a d equate preparation to make
their first call
upon some
member of the
haut mon de.
Should the
tooth-pick be
silver with a
cutaway and
gold with the
dinner coat or
vice versa? How
do you tell the
host from the
butler? Ho w
much time
should one allow
for the hest to
come a cross
with a drink before you give up
and take a secret shot of your own? What is
a "call note"?

These and hundreds of other Language of Flowers-Fringed Gentlan — "I am going out to get a shave. Back at 3:30." Poppy—"I would be proud to be the father of your children." Golden-rod—"T hear that you have hayfever." Blood-root — "Aunt Kitty murdered Uncle Fred Thursday." Thursday."

Iris—"Could you learn to love an optician?"

Deadly Nightshade—"Pull down those blinds, quick!"

Wild Thyme—"I have seats for the Hippodrome Saturday afternoon."

These and hundreds of other points which give poise and re-finement to those who suffer from hereditary uncouthness are all explained by Mr. Stewart.



Which of these three has blundered?

Read this Sad Story of the Aspiring Kenneltons

Aspiring Kenneltons

The Kenneltons were young married people. Owing to his deep interest in foreign trade, Jasper Kennelton had accepted a position in a large drygoods establishment where his duties enabled him to use his modish morning coat, unpacked since the wedding. Amyol Kennelton was a charming young wife. But if there was one thing about her which gave her husband a touch of uneasiness it was her occasional lack of polish, due to her years as a manicurist.

At length the Kenneltons' great opportunity of a lifetime hovered. Would it find them unprepared?

The President of Kennelton's concern was looking about for a new seventh vice-president to do thrift work among the cash girls whose reckless living had caused concern. Naturally he asked the Kenneltons to dinner.

It was a gorgeous evening. As their trolley drew near the President's house, young Mrs. Kennelton took her husband's arm. "Oh. Jasper." she murmured, "I feel so nervous for fear we should not succeed."

ton took her husband's arm. "Oh Jasper." she murmured, "I feel so nervous for fear we should not succeed."

He petted her and told her not to worry. All she had to do was to remember not to eat olives with a spoon.

Dinner (pronounced de-feun-er) was served in the sumptuous buffet room. Conversation languished brilliantly until, in the midst of the Pear a la Bourdaloue, President Colliewood turned to Kennelton and asked suddenly: "Don't you think so too, Kennelton?"

Receiving no answer, Colliewood said sharply. "I say, Kennelton, are you heeding this conversation or are you not?"

What had happened? A very simple, a very small thing—a mere trifle, in fact. Gazing across the table, Kennelton had been struck dumb by the sight of Amyol absentmindedly pressing back the cuticle of her dinner-partner's fingernails with the prong of her stamped silver olive fork. It was a mistake anyone might make and yet how humiliating and disastrous!

On the way home that night Amyol blamed herself bitterly. But her husband said with the firm cheerfulness for which she married him: "Never mind, darling. This has taught us a lesson. We will buy PERFECT BEHAVIOR and thus avoid missing the chance of a lifetime twice."

STEWART'S LIGHTNING CALCULATOR OF DINNER TABLE CONVERSATION "PERFECT BEHAVIOR"

Read the delicious Parody Outline of Etiquette

PERFECT BEHAVIOR

By Donald Ogden Stewart

Author of A PARODY OUTLINE OF HISTORY



Drawings by Ralph Barton. At All Bookshops, \$2.00

